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PRINTED
1822
CROCKERY'S MISFORTUNES,

OR

Transmogrifications.

ABURLETTA

IN ONE ACT.

34
AS PERFORMED AT THE

ROYAL COBOURG THEATRE.

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Aug. 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ROWLAND,	MR. SHEPPARD.
CROCKERY,	SLOMAN.
MR. POPLIN,	GALLOTT.
LIVERY SERVANT,	COOPER.
WATCHMAN,	GEORGE.

Genilemen, Watchmen, Mob, &c.

MOLLY LAPSTONE,	MRS. SMITH.
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Scene in London—Time, nine in the evening.

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CROCKERY'S MISFORTUNES;

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street—Lights partly down.*

Enter ROWLAND.

Row. Where the devil is my stupid booby of a servant! I gave him a letter to put in the post and he has kept me waiting full half an hour.

(Looks at his watch.)

Livery SERVANT crosses the stage.

Halloo young man—have you met with a fat lump of a fellow, waddling down the street with his hands in his breeches pockets?

Ser. Yes, sir, I have just past a person of that description, sitting on the step of a door, and crying as if his heart would break—when I asked him what was the matter, he said there was “*nothing but halterations*” *Exit.*

Row. Curse him, he's the plague of my life: ever since we have returned from India that has been his cry. If a barber's pole is moved from the side of a house, or an apple-stall taken away, it costs him as many tears as if he had his mouth full of mustard. I don't like to discharge the poor fellow, for he has no friends in London, and indeed I don't know who else would be troubled with him; but I have learnt to put up with his little failings, for after all he has a good heart.

(CROCKERY calls behind.)

Crock. Oh dear!

Row. Here he comes! at last! was there ever such a snivelling fellow seen?

Enter CROCKERY crying, and stands at the first wing with his hands in his breeches pockets.

Crock. Oh dear!

Row. What's the matter now, Crockery?—Did you put the letter in the post?

Crock. No—no—oh—nothing but halteration; formerly they used to give letters to a *postman*, now they put them in a *lion's mouth*. I was afraid he'd bite my fingers. Oh lord! they charge *three pence* for the *two-penny post letters* now.

Row. Poh! where have you been all this while?

Crock. I lost my way—the streets are so transmogrified there is no finding any place that von wants—there's old Lapstone, the cobbler, an honest painstaking man, who used to live in St. Martin's-le-grand, in the city, and was just getting up in the world, ven I vent to *Hingy*, is gone Lord knows where. Oh, dear! they've pulled his stall down.

Row. Well, you booby, need that trouble you?

Crock. Yes.

Row. Why?

Crock. Because his darter Molly was mysweet-heart, afore I vent to *Hingy*—I gied her a ring, and promised to ved her ven I returned—Oh dear!

Row. Well don't you let it give you any concern—you shall advertise her in the newspapers, here—(*gives money*) go to the *Morning Post* in the *Strand*, and make haste back, I want to send you with a message.

Crock. Are you going back to the *Hot-hell*?

Row. Yes.

Crock. Oh!

Row. Well, go, and see that you make no blunder.

Crock. Yes—I came past *Vestminster-hall*, just now—they've pulled down the pretty *himages* vot stood at the door vithout any noses, and are going to give them new faces. Oh dear!

Exit.

Row. Poor fellow—he's misery personified—a perfect *Niobe*—all tears—but I can't be angry with him—I wonder whether he'll find his way—he wanders about the metropolis like a stray sheep—the boys hoot at him—the passengers laugh, and he snivels. (*A laugh behind.*)

Crock. (*Calls without.*) Oh, dear!

Enter CROCKERY, covered with mud.

Row. What now?

Crock. Oh, Lord—here's a misfortune!

Row. How the devil came you in such a pickle?

Crock. A horse knocked me down in the mud—nothing but halterations—there used to be only *live horses* and *jackasses*, now they've got *wooden vons*, vot goes upon wheels.

Row. Why didn't you look about you?

Crock. I couldn't.

Row. You couldn't?

Crock. No.

Row. Why?

Crock. Because my hyes were full of tears to think of the changes of Lunnun, since I vent to *Hingy*. Nothing is called by the right name now. I met a gentleman as I comed along, drest

in a new suit of black, and would you believe it they said he'd been *vite-washed*?

Row. Well, go and get yourself scraped, make haste, or you will not be at the office time enough to have the advertisement inserted. (*Crockery sniffs his nose.*) What does the booby stand there for cocking up his nose, like a pig in the wind?

Crock. Don't you smell a stench, master?

Row. It's the gas, you stupid fellow.

Crock. Oh dear, there vasn't no *gash* afore I vent to *Hingy*. *Exit.*

Row. Well, I must back to my lodgings, its getting late, and I ordered dinner at five—after which I shall loiter away half an hour in the club room, 'twill amuse the time till Crockery returns from the Morning Post office. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*—*Street lamps lighted.*

Enter CROCKERY.

Crock. Oh dear!—vat a vonderful place is this Luanun—but then vot changes have taken place—it's enough to make von's heart bleed—there's the gentlemen vat used to wear beautiful flowered vaistcoats down to their knees, now wears *stays*, *sham collars*, and boots with *revolving cels*—every thing is changed—even *Lambeth Marsh* is *halttered*, for they've built a Cobourg playhouse there, vot the big playhouses wants to put down, and made a bridge over the vater, vere they charges a penny a piece for going through a *vir-figig*.—Oh dear!

SONG.—CROCKERY:

TUNE.—“*O the roast beef of Old England.*”

From HINGY I came, with my master, oh, dear!
But Lunnun is not like the same place that's clear,
It has nigh broke my heart since I have been here!

Oh, the old times of Old England,
Oh dear, the good English old times.

The town is so changed that I don't know a spot,
The times are so hard there's no work to be got,
And for porter they charges you five-pence a pot.
Oh, the old times, &c.

Then the sides of the houses are stuck full of bills,
About blacking, mock auctions and vunderful pills,
But for ven that they cures a hundred they kills.
Oh, the old times, &c.

There's the names are all halter'd verever I goes,
And the people all laughs at the cut of my close;
The men are turn'd vixen—the bellies are turn'd beaux,
Oh the old times, &c.

Ven I vent hout to Hingy if any one died,
A good VOOPEN coffin they used to provide;
But nixon vons now keep the poor vorns houtside,
Oh the old times, &c.

There's the LANCASTER SCHOOLS now all over the land,
Vot teaches the children to SCRIBBLE ON SAND,
And a HUGGLY BONASSUS vot lives in the Strand.
Oh, the new times of Old England &c.

There's a new TIDE PRESERVER with vich you can't
drown,
And a new kind of soy'rtign's just come into town.
One is worth a POUND NOTE, and the other a CROWN.
Oh, the new times, &c.

The PLAY-BILLS have hard vords vot I cannot speak,
 And the ORGANS play's nothing but LATIN and GREEK,
 And—it's RAIN'D EVERY DAY now for more than a
 WEEK.

Oh, the new times, &c.

There's a man VALKS ON VATER and DONT VET HIS FEET,
 And a patent steam kitchen vot cooks all your meat,
 And Epp's ham and beef shop in every street.

Oh the new times, &c.

I valks up and down with the tears in my hye,
 Vot they vonce called a vaggon they now call a fly,
 And the boys points their fingers and calls me a cUV.

Oh the old times of old England,

Oh dear ! the good English old times.

Crock. Oh dear ! it's getting dark, and I've
 lost my vay—here's some gentlemen, I'll axe
 them—

*Enter Two GENTLEMEN, arm in arm conversing
 —the handkerchief of one hangs out of his
 pocket—CROCKERY takes hold of it to attract
 his attention ; the Gentlemen walk on and
 exit,—the handkerchief remains in the hand
 of Crockery.*

He von't speak !—(*Sees the handkerchief in his
 hand.*)—Hallo !—I've got his handkerchief—
 (*Examines it.*)—my hye ' its a *Hingy* von—I
 must go artur him—but they valks so quick I
 shall not be able to overtake them—(*Noise of
 rattles.*)—Vot's the matter now : more misfor-
 tune !

(He is walking across—when WATCHMEN spring their rattles and Enter.)

Watch. What we've caught you my covey?

Crock. Oh dear, I'm not a covey; I'm looking for my sweet-heart Dolly Lapstone, I'm going to put her in the post.

(He attempts to run off—the Watchmen seize him by the tail of his coat which tears off—a chase round the stage ensues—they hit him with their sticks, he falls—and kicks them—they bring him forward rearing and rubbing himself—Crowd enter.)

Crock. Oh lord!—I only wish my master, Mr. Rowland was here, he vouldn't suffer me to be vopp'd in this here manner.

Watch. Search him—search him!—I saw him pick the gemman's pocket—*(In his fright Crockery has put the handkerchief in his waistcoat, which the gentleman who has entered with the crowd recognizes.)*

Gent. This is my handkerchief! I'll swear to it.

Watch. Away with him to the watch-house—the case is plain—property found in his possession.

Crock. Here's a halteration!—my heart vill break!—Oh dear!—vere's my tail?—

(Feels behind.)

Watch. Away with him!

Crock. Here's a go!—oh dear?—

(They force him off.)

SCENE III.—*The Club-Room at the Hotel.*

MR. POPLIN *in the Chair*.—MR. ROWLAND, and several GENTLEMEN *drinking at a table, discovered*.—Candles lighted on table.

GLEE.—WEBBE.

To me the wanton girls insulting say
Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey,
Just on the verge of life—'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black or silver white,
Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And dissipate anxieties in wine.

Pop. Bravo, Bravo, well now in all my travels
I never heard a better glee.—Gentlemen, fill
your glasses.

Row. Very good, Mr. Poplin, but you talk of
your travels, this is the first time I have heard
you were ever out of London.

Pop. Oh bless you, my acquaintance call me
the travelling genius, tho' I never yet turned my
observation of the world to any account—but I
intend very shortly to publish them in a thick
quarto, carich'd with a likeness of myself, in a
morning gown and a pea in my hand. I doubt not
it will be eagerly sought after by the fashionables
at the west end of the town.

Row. What are the principal countries, in
which you have made your researches, Mr. Pop-
lin?

Pop. Oh bless you; down in the West to Ham-
mersmith, Kensington, Turnham Green and Rich-
mond—as far North as Holloway, Highgate, and
Bottle Bridge—Eastward to Bethnal Green, and

Ropemaker's Fields ;—and South, to Grinnage Hill and Deptford.

Row. I wonder you could ever find leisure to go so far from your business.

Pop. O bless you, I always made the most of my time : I only wish you had seen my pocket-book, the last holiday I had afore I came out of my 'prenticeship with old *Ellwide*.—Why do you know I filled every page of a four-penny book vot I bought of a Jew, from beginning to end with my remarks.

Row. No doubt they were very scientific.

Pop. Oh bless you, wery *scientific*—why do you know I got a knowledge of *botomy* from the Lady's Magazine, I used to take it in when I was a 'prentice—I only wish you saw my answer to the *Conundrum's* last month—do you know, I signed myself *Sharpwit*, for fear of old *Ellwide* finding me out.

Row. A very good idea, Mr. Poplin—your old master would never expect to find you by the appellation of *Sharpwit*.

Pop. *Dech* !—wasn't it ?

Row. Very—but Mr. Poplin you have not yet given us the song you promised.

Crowd. Aye, aye, the song by all means.

Pop. Why I should be wery happy to oblige you in my small way, but at present I have a terrible cold and hoarseness vich I caught last week up the New River, smuggling for eels.

1st Gent. Come, come, Mr. Poplin, we'll have up excuses.

no Gent. Fill Mr. P. a bumper, 'twill clear h throat.

Pop. Vot sort of a song would you like?—a tragic song—a comic song, a hunting song, or—

Rom. Oh sing what is most convenient to yourself, sir.

Pop. Did you ever hear my song, vot I made when I belonged to the *City Vits* in *Bore Lane*?

Rom. I never had that pleasure, sir.

Pop. Vell then I'll attempt it; but I give you varning afore I begin 'tis rather tragical—but it's quite true—hem!—hem!—(*Clears his throat.*)—I used to sing it in *H fiat*, but I don't know whether I shall be able to hit it without a pitchfork—Oh—ah—ow—(*Tunes his voice.*)—that's somewhat about it.

SONG—POPLIN.

TUNE.—“*Riley and his dear Colinband.*”

Come here ye lovyers all now and listen to my tale,
'Tis of von Sammy Sugarplumb vot lov'd a drap of ale;
He courted Podl Chutterlings, the Porkman's dartist
sweet,

Vot liv'd in Mutton Lane, 'twixt Saffron hill and Turn
mill street.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

It vos von Vitsun Monday he made Miss Podl his bride,
He took her in a von horse shay all for to have a ride;
But ven they did return at night it vas as dark as pitch,
And Sam being blind with drinking ale drove vop into
a ditch.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

Miss Podl's neck vos broke in two—poor Sam vos
bruised sore.

He pull'd Miss Podl from the mud who never spoke
no more;

He took her up a pick-a-pack and put her in the shay,
Then hit the orie a deuce of a vack and gallopp'd fast
away.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

It was a sight all for to see vot would have freez'd
your blood.

Poor Podl's little button mouth vos plaster'd up with
mud ;

Her lovely little satin shoes, and bonnet lin'd with pink,
Wat Sam had buy'd the day afore vos now as black as
ink.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

Her ghost appeared to him at night, and this to him did
say,

" Oh Sammy, Sammy, Sugarplumb, all cold now is my
clay ;

My ghost vill haunt you day and night, till you are
robb'd life, of

For vell you know Sam Sugarplumb, vot I'm your law-
ful wife."

Ri tol de rol, &c.

Poor Sammy soon he lost his vite, and then von morn-
ing, he

Vos found a langing by the neck all from a villow tree ;
Their ghosts appear to travellers who're riding out that
way,

Each Vitsontide, by Orinsey Wood, all in a vonhorse
shay.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

So now ye loyers high and low, take varning by their
fate,

Don't guzzie ale, or if ye do, oh do not stay out late ;

If Sam had been a sober man and still behav'd as sich,
His bride, poor Podl, wouldn't have been smother'd in
a ditch.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

Omnes ! Bravo ! Bravo !

(Crockery behind.)

Crock. Oh dear !

*Rev. Oh here's that booby Crockery, grumb-
ling up stairs, as usual.*

Enter CROCKERY.

Why, Crockery, what's the matter now?—Where's the tail of your coat, and where have you been all this while?—You see I have done dinner long ago.

Crock. Oh lord!—I don't know whether you have done your dinner, but I knows vot I'm dish'd—nothing but misfortins!—Oh dear!

Row. Will you leave off your infernal oh dears, and tell me in plain English what has happened: Have you been to the office?

Crock. No.

Row. Did you lose your way?

Crock. Yes.

Row. Where is the money I gave you?

Crock. Gone.

Row. Have you lost it?

Crock. No.

Row. Have you been robbed?

Crock. No.

(During this dialogue, Rowland works himself into a passion, Crockery meantime becomes more affected, till at last he bursts into a roar.)

Row. *(Collars him.)* You infernal rascal, if you don't leave off your noes and tell me the whole affair, I'll strangle you.

Crock. Oh lord, vot am I to do without a nose?—my hyes!—vot a halteration.

Row. Will you be explicit? *(Shakes him.)*

Crock. Yes! I'll be any thing if you von't tear my coat. I vent down the street ven you left me, and feeling wery dry, I axed a gentleman vere I could get a little porter—so he took me down a court to a short humpback'd fellow, vish

a *knot* on his shoulder, and said I wanted him, and when I said it was *beer* vot I wanted, they set to and vopped me. Oh lord?

Row. Well?

Crock. No. it vasn't vell, for I lost my vay, and then I axed a gentleman vich was the vay to the *Post*—my hye!—he gied me sich a shove agen von at the corner of the street, as knocked all the *vind* out of my belly.

Row. Go on.

Crock. I did go on, and a pretty *go* I made on it—for I vent to speak to another gentleman and he vent on, and left his hankercher in my hand.

Row. Well, you returned it to him?

Crock. No, I didn't.

Row. Why?

Crock. Cause I couldn't.

Row. Damn it, fellow, will you come to the end of your history in a few words?

Crock. Yes, if you von't snub me so. The vatchmen runned on, and I got took to the vatch-house for a thief. I never was took for a thief afore I vent to *Hingy*—and then they laughed and called my boots *buckets*, and said, I should be hanged in 'em—then, a man in a *harm* chair axed me where I comed from—ven I said the *hot-hell* they laughed agen, and axed vho was my master, and ven I said a *hold* gentleman, my hye!—they laugh'd ready to split their sides. Oh dear!—and said you was *old nick*.

Row. Poh, you're a fool. How did you get out of the watchhouse?

Crock. Why, I said you was Mr. Rowland, and a gentleman said vot he know'd you, and wouldn't

do nothing to hurt me, so they let me off—(but they made me treat the vatchman first) and told me to go home and say my prayers, for I had a squeak, and———that's all.

Row. Well, Crockery, you must be more cautious for the future.

Poplin. (*Looks at his watch.*) Law bless me, how late it is!—I vonder my *nousekeeper* han't been here yet with the key of the street-door:—if she forgets to leave it, and goes to sleep, I shall have to valk the streets all night, for the devil himself can't vake her when vonce she gets into a doze, and snores—lord, how she does snore!

Crock. Master, do you know they've got a scaffolding up Saint Pauls—they say they're going to put a lamp a top to shew the cockneys their vay home.

Pop. Cockneys!—Vat do you mean by cockneys, sir?

(*Poplin hits Crockery a terrible slap on the face—he falls down.*)

Crock. Oh dear!

Row. Oh never mind him, Mr. Poplin, he didn't mean to insult you.

(*A rap at the room door.*)

Pop. I dare say its my *nousekeeper*.

Row. Come in,

Enter MOLLY LAPSTONE,

Molly. I've brought the key, sir.

Crock. (*Rubbing himself.*) I shall have a white swelling.

Row. Crockery, you're a fool.

Molly. Crockery !

Crock. (*Looking at her.*) Why it isn't !—that voice !—yes, it is !—my eyes !—Vot Molly Lapstone !

(*They rush into each others arms and embrace*
Crock. Oh dear !

Pop. Hollo, you sir, I don't allow any liberties with my *nousekeeper*.

Crock. Lord, lord, to think that you vos that ere pretty girl vot I knowed thirty years ago, afore I vent to *Hingy*—vot a halteration. Ah Molly, there's nothing but changes—(*They burst into tears.*)

Pop. This is a wery affecting scene. I must enter it in my memorandum book.

(*Wipes his eyes—takes ont his pocket book and writes.*)

Molly. Ah Crockery, and do you love me as dearly as ever ?

Crock. Do I love you ?—my hye !—vot a question ! Aye, that I do—and if master vill gie me leave, I'll go and put up the banns directly.

Molly. Mr. Poplin, mind I give you warning to quit—I am going to get married, and don't mean to have any more sitting up o'nights.

Pop. Here's a pretty mess, why, what am I to do without a *nousekeeper* tell me that ?

Crock. You cant get von at the *Hecko office* ; there wasn't no *Hecko offices* afore I vent to *Hingy*. Do you know, master, they make *patent crumpets* now, there wasn't none thirty years ago. I shall be a *bridegroom* at last. Oh dear ! there's a change.

Row. Aye, Crockery, and as you have saved a

good sum of money in my service, snap your fingers at the world and its changes—look on the bright side of the prospect—leave off sniveling—and endeavour to make yourself comfortable for the rest of your days.

Crock. Well, you have been a good master to me, Mr. Rowland, so if you havn't no objection, I'll still keep my place, for I likes to be employed, and then of a *h evening* I can sit down by the fire-side with Molly and the *little vons*, if ve have any, and talk of the times when I used to play at *mar-ices minnys* in the court, and puddle, puddle, puddle at the innocent old pump, with all the little boys. Ah, them there vas the good old times !

Row. Very likely, Crockery ; but you may now cease to grumble, for if you don't find any alteration *here*, you will have no cause to regret the transmogrifications of London.

Crock. Oh dear !

FINALE.

Then while our friends continue to cheer,
Our hearts with approbation ;
We shall not be inclin'd to fear,
Another alteration.

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